



Bitch Better Have Ma Money!



43 1 4

Chapter 1 by Vieira

"Hello?"

"Hi, this Paula Summers. We met last Thursday night, at the Mandarin Oriental..."

"Oh, hi Paula! How did you get this number?!"

"We have unfinished businesses to settle."

(Long pause).

"Sure sure! Listen, I apologize for what happened... Things got a bit wild, I had a few too many drinks, then you passed out in the bed... I didn't know what to do..."

"It doesn't matter. You need to honor our deal."

"Of course, of course! I didn't mean to not do so, it was just that the circumstances..."

"IT DOESN'T MATTER! I'll be at the hotel bar this evening, 9 pm sharp. I expect to resolve this once and for all".

"Please, forgive me, I'll make sure to be there and repair all that I've may have caused,..."

"9pm, sharp."

"Yes."

"And by the way, Laura looked lovely in that dress at the Sunday service".

"Laura?? How do you know my wife's name?!"

Cling, as the telephone hung up.

Tonight I'm going back to this fucking hotel, and this bitch better have my money!

Chapter 2 by Lilia Rowsell



"Where are you?"

"I'm over by reception"

"I Checked there!"

"Well you obviously didn't check hard enough"

"Look Paula, I know today"

"I see you! Turn around you idiot!"

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"Where?"

"I'm wearing a blonde wig and a red dress"

"Why on earth are you wearing that?!"

"So no one recognises me you dolt"

"Ah... Oh there you are!"

"Finally! Put the phone down, people are starting to look at you!"

"Why would they-"

"BECAUSE YOU HAVE BEEN TALKING ON THE PHONE TO ME FOR OVER AN HOUR"

"oh"

-click-

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